

thing we are and do having an influence and a meaning beyond the grave. (9) It teaches the moral resurrection, that being dead to sin we should be alive unto God.

2. The women, in loving devotion, went to the tomb to look, not for a living, but a dead Savior. There are a great many Christians who yet make the same mistake with Mary in regard to their Christian dead. After nineteen centuries of Christian teaching this should not be so. It is not consistent for Christian people to go to the graves of their dead and mourn. Their dead are not there. It is true their bodies are buried there, but the spirit is not entombed there. A thousand miles away from their graves we are as close to them as tho we stood right by the graves where they are buried. These centuries of Christian teaching should enable the present generation at least to have a true conception of the dead in Christ. Our Christian dead are not in the grave, but with God.

3. Every earnest, sincere, living Christian is a standing witness for the Lord Jesus. There are a great many professing Christians whose lives do not give evidence of a living, personal Savior. Judging by their actions it would seem that the Savior they worship is dead, as they give very little sign of life within them. Christianity is a life, the life of Jesus in the soul, and that life in the heart must shape the outward life in harmony with the life of him whose they are and whom they serve. Having died to sin, we now live to Christ.

Terse Teachings

J. R. MILLER

- 1 The open tomb is the gate to glory.
- 2 When Jesus speaks tears are dried.
- 3 Often we see Jesus thru our tears.
- 4 We weep only because we do not know.
- 5 God's angels sit by every Christian tomb.
- 6 Peace accompanies the presence of Christ.
- 7 Christ comes to us many times unrecognized.
- 8 No door except sin can shut out the Savior.
- 9 Our first duty after we have seen Jesus is to tell our friends.
- 10 Jesus is always "in the midst" when disciples come together.
- 11 Patient faith sees the angels that are hidden from impatient zeal.
- 12 A gospel is nothing which does not bear the print of the nails.
- 13 When Christ calls us by name our response should be "Master."
- 14 Sometimes we can not understand Christ fully until we find him at the grave.
- 15 Man's great defeat was at the grave, and there Christ achieved his great victory

Heart Talks

Selected.

We are told that the day is coming when God shall wipe away all tears from all faces, when there shall be no more sorrow nor crying; for the former things will have passed

away. As we stand with Mary beside the empty sepulchre we see the prophetic dawn of that happy day. A dark night preceded it—the night of Gethsemane and Calvary; without these this glorious dawn would never have brightened the world. If Jesus had not tasted death for us, we should never have had the glorious hope of resurrection. But because he loved us and gave himself for us he has, "according to his abundant mercy," made us, thru his resurrection, victors not only over sin, but also over death and the grave.

Long ago one in great trouble asked, "If a man die, shall he live again?" and a faint whisper of hope in his heart replied, "Thou shalt call, and I will answer thee; thou wilt have a desire to the work of thy hands." Job could not quite believe that the strong soul contending with the afflictions of his suffering flesh would perish with that dying body. But Job's hope, compared with ours, was like the light of a morning star beside the rising of an unclouded sun. We do not ask, "If I die, shall I live again?" We repeat the words of Jesus with the ring of victory, "I am the resurrection, and the life; whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." Let us get the full, blessed comfort of this wonderful lesson. It is as if Jesus were saying tenderly to everyone who stands, "beside a sepulcher, weeping," as he said to Mary: "Why weepest thou? Look up in hope. Behold me! I have passed thru death, and show you as I stand beside you, know you, and call you by name, that I have passed thru unchanged. There is an opening on the other side of the dark valley which you did not see when I entered. I have passed thru; I did not tarry in the valley; nor will any of my followers tarry there."

The parting from our beloved will never lose its pain. But a Christian should not sorrow as those who have no hope. I believe this "living hope" should be a present joy and not only a sweet anticipation of life and recognition after long ages of waiting for the final resurrection. We cannot comprehend that far-off, glorious event which the scriptures teach is to come. But tho tears of tender sorrow flow, bitter tears may even now be wiped from all faces, because Jesus has abolished death. It is but a shadow, and all who believe in him do only pass thru it to immortality.

Almost the last words of Jesus to his disciples before his crucifixion were: "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you. Let not your heart be troubled; neither let it be afraid." And the first after his resurrection was the same sweet word, "Peace; be not afraid." May we have such spiritual vision that we, like Mary, may tell others that we have seen the Lord, and that he has spoken these things unto us.

How the Whole Class Was Converted

In one of his sermons, Mr. D. L. Moody tells how an entire Sunday school class was converted. The reader, especially the Sunday school teacher, will find food for thought

in this experience of the great evangelist. He says:

When I thought this morning of the two men who have stood on this platform within forty-eight hours and have testified to the saving grace of God—those men who were converted in Baltimore sixteen years ago, one now a preacher in the gospel, and the other a detective who has been working for God ever since his conversion—I said, "thank God I ever entered the work! I wouldn't change my position for any throne on earth." "If I piled up millions what would they amount to when compared with the privilege of being co-worker with God?"

I will tell you how I got waked up on this point and came to a decision. I had a large Sunday school in Chicago with twelve or fifteen hundred scholars. I was very much pleased with the numbers. If the attendance kept up I was pleased; but I didn't see a convert. I was not looking for conversions. There was one class in a corner of a large hall made up of young women, who caused more trouble than any other class in the school. There was only one man who could ever manage that class and keep it in order. If he could keep the class quiet, it was about as much as we could hope for.

One day this teacher was missing, and I taught the class. The girls laughed in my face. I never felt so tempted to turn any one from Sunday school as I did those girls. I never saw such frivolous girls. I couldn't make any impression on them. The next day the teacher came into the store. I noticed that he looked very pale, and I asked what was the trouble. "I have been bleeding at the lungs," he said; "and the doctor tells me that I cannot live. I must give up my class and go back to my widowed mother in New York State." As he spoke to me his chin quivered and the tears began to flow. I said I was sorry and added: "You're not afraid of death, are you?" "O, no, I'm not afraid to die, but I shall soon stand before my Master. What shall I tell him of my class? Not one of them is a Christian. I have made a failure of my work."

I had never heard any one speak in that way, and I said: "Why not visit every girl and ask her to become a Christian." "I am very weak," he said; "too weak to walk." I offered to get a carriage and go with him. He consented, and we started out. Going first to one house and then to another, that pale teacher, sometimes staggering on the sidewalk, sometimes leaning on my arm, he saw each girl and, calling her by name, Mary, or Martha, or whatever it was, he asked her to become a Christian, telling her that he was going home to die and that he wanted to know that his scholars had given their hearts to God. Then he would pray with her and I would pray with her. So he went from house to house. After he used up all his strength, I would take him home and the next day he would go out again. Sometimes he went alone. At the end of ten days he came into the store, his face beaming with